

## and the lines, they go by

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## and the lines, they go by

by [GenOfEve](#)

### Summary

Dream's sort of known for being trouble.

He's known as the kind of guy who shows up late to parties, pupils blown, bringing everyone back from the brink, little plastic baggies hidden in his pockets. He's known as some kind of king who lives off campus, who throws the best parties with his housemate. What he's not known for, is just how much he hates those parties, and hates how the eerie silence rings in his head each following morning, hates having to talk to anyone that isn't his housemate.

But, this guy he's never met before is standing in his bedroom, and he gets on his nerves in all the right ways, and Dream has never wanted to talk to somebody more.

### Notes

hi this totally isn't i am your boy and for that i'm SORRY but i was SO inspired by tbhyourelame's college fic, and then I was inspired by the way technoblack over on tumblr draws Dream (oof) and then I was inspired FURTHER by a little thought i had that simply

said “cokehead!dream” and then I literally just went “blegh” and this came out of me

oops

as you can tell from the tags, \*slaps fic\* this bad boy can fit so much substance abuse in it, so be very mindful of that going in!!!!!!

this is designed to be a one-off, but i may write more for it some other time!! just as a separate part, rather than another chapter <3

i adore u guys

ps: don't do drink alcohol and do coke simultaneously it makes it metabolise differently and it makes it extra gnarly on ur organs

pps: there's ALMOST porn in this ur welcome

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The sun filters in through a gap in the curtains, dimly illuminating the bedroom.

Dream stares up at the ceiling from his bed. He blinks at the heavy, sandy feeling of his eyes, and winces at the pain.

He doesn't think he's slept that long. He vaguely remembers the sun coming up, before the nothingness supplied by alcohol kicks in.

*He got home what, six hours ago? Slept on and off for maybe three?*

It's hard to sleep with how *deafening* the silence of his own thoughts are.

He sits up slowly, gentle so he doesn't agitate his stomach, or his pounding head. Cautiously, one step at time, going through the simplest of motions, so he doesn't have to think.

*Nursing a hangover is always rough*, he thinks as he belches, and claps a hand over his mouth, forcing the bile back down, *but it's a lot fucking worse on the comedown.*

The combination of nausea, and the aching headaches brought on by dehydration, and alcohol poisoning, mixed in with the low depression, and the twitching mood swings caused by depleted dopamine.

He sniffs, his nose runny and sore, and his hands shake as he reaches up to feel his hair. Frowns.

He glances over at the mirror hanging on the back of his door.

Somebody's tied his hair back.

*Who?*

He angles his head, taking in his appearance, satisfied that his double helix isn't torn, as he flicks at the dark rings circling the outer cartilage of his earlobe.

He stares at himself a little longer, reaching up to gingerly press at a gash that splits his eyebrow, a dark bruise gathering around it.

*How?*

He presses at it, sobers slightly at the pain, and sighs as a thought nudges at him.

He needs to clean the house for tonight. *Shit.*

He manages to stand, albeit slightly wobbly, and, while running one hand along the wall, and keeping his head bowed, he slowly makes his way out of his bedroom.

His phone sits on the kitchen counter, charging. He pokes at it, goes through his old messages, trying to jog something.

A garbled mess of letters that seems to be a drunken attempt at typing an address has been sent to Sapnap.

*Jesus. It's a miracle he'd even found him.*

A faint memory of Sapnap commanding him not to puke in his car comes to mind and he snorts.

*"You're better than that Dream, don't you fucking dare," he hisses as he clicks Dream's seatbelt in place for him.*

Ah. That's how he got home.

Light peers in through the stained glass of their front door and Dream glares at it, squinting to avoid it's wrath, and shuffles forward, slowly making his way outside.

Before he makes it, he notices the deep, rusted stain on the corner of a wall, and he crouches down to examine it. He can hear Sapnap's voice once more.

*“Dream, don’t lean on—!”*

*The sensation of falling.*

*Searing pain.*

*“Ah, shit.”*

He pokes at the split in his eyebrow once more. Sighs.

*It’s totally gonna scar.*

He exhales as he peers at the stain, hard enough to push the limp strand of hair hanging free from the tie. It sways forward, before swinging back, and sticking to his sweaty forehead.

*Gross.*

*He needs to wash his hair.*

He glances over at the door. No breaks, no damages. But something nags at him, and he groans, moving to unlock the door.

*Because if he’s right—*

The door swings open, and he cringes at the light. Cringes harder at the sight of a sizable puddle of vomit on the concrete of their bottom porch step.

“Seriously?” He sighs.

The front lawn is literally *right there*. Sapnap’s right, he *is* better than this.

He checks the time, breathing a sigh of relief that his watch is still intact as he does so. It’s going noon, and he grimaces as he tugs his hair free of the loose bun that somebody else had tied it in — *Sapnap* — moments before Dream chucked his guts on their porch steps.

*What a guy.*

He shakes his head, lets his hair fall down to his shoulders, face scrunching at the stale scent of sweat and beer.

He *really* needs to wash his hair.

He double checks the time. He needs to clean the fucking house up. It's the end of the uni mid-term, and it's cause for celebration, and Sapnap does enjoy throwing a *fan-fucking-tastic* party.

*Dude's got a knack for it*, Dream has to admit.

But, first, the house needs to be cleaned.

*And so does he*, Dream thinks, as he catches a whiff of yesterday's clothes.

Hours later, the house is clean, the vomit has been hosed off, and the stain— well, actually Dream couldn't get the stain off. They need bleach or some shit.

*He'll get it later.*

*But the house is mostly clean.*

Dream sits on the couch, staring at the switched off television. The hangover had gradually ebbed away, but the comedown still remains, clawing at the back of his mind.

His thoughts both race, and don't exist at the same time.

He stares at the television. His reflection stares back.

*He looks away.*

As he glances away, he feels something smack him in the side of the head, and fall to the couch cushions next to him.

He reaches up to rub at his head, and spins around.

Sapnap glares at him. He grins back, weakly.

“I *believe* that’s *yours*,” his housemate says, pointing in the direction of the tiny package.

Dream glances down.

*Oh.*

“Woops?” He tries, as he scoops up the tiny plastic bag, shaking it lightly.

He kinda forgot about that.

“I should have just washed it when I found it in your pocket now, man.”

Sapnap crosses his arms, grouches at him and Dream sinks under his stern gaze. He tries for a joke.

“Like you could afford to pay me back for three grams, dude.”

His friend stares at him for a moment, before snorting and uncrossing his arms, approaching the couch.

He leans over the back of it, stares at the bag of coke in Dream’s hand.

It’s no secret that he’s not exactly the biggest fan of Dream’s habits.

*Not a fan of the impulsive choices he makes, not a fan of the volatile moods.*

*Not a fan of the fights, or the random blood noses that have begun to occur, from one thing or the other.*

*Not a fan of the way that Dream, sometimes, just doesn’t sleep, not really, just blinks in and out, awake for days at a time.*

*Not a fan of the way he finds him crying, the day after a heavy night of use.*

No, Sapnap hates it all. But he’s a *damn* good friend, and he tells Dream that as long as he doesn’t flunk out of college, or overdose in their bathroom, he doesn’t give a shit.

They’re equal on the times they’ve had to clean up each other’s drunken selves, now, and Dream’s

grades still stay in the high nineties, nowhere close to a fail, and every now and again Sapnap reminds him to eat, whether it's from the cocaine, or his medication, or just plain forgetting.

*He's a **damn** good friend, alright,* Dream thinks as Sapnap gently ruffles his freshly washed hair, not saying a word as he watches Dream pocket the eight-ball.

"Thanks," he murmurs.

*They both know he's not talking about the coke.*

Sapnap ruffles his hair once more, before pulling away from the couch.

"Come on," he gestures with his head, smiles at him, "We gotta go alcohol shopping."

Every time Dream finds himself at a party, he's so vividly reminded of how much he hates them.

He's not sure if it's just the sheer amount of people, or something else that leaves him anxious, forces him into a lonely corner until he finds himself fucked up enough to make himself known later, always with a bang.

*He and Sapnap's parties are no different.*

He hears the music become clearer suddenly, as the bathroom door opens behind him, and looks up in the mirror above the counter he's using.

"Hey," he greets, grinning up at the stranger's reflection.

The stranger glances at him, and then pauses, *laughs*, as they watch him use his student ID card to thin out a line of white powder on the bathroom counter.

"You're fuckin' *crazy*, man," the guy says with a grin, shaking his head as he heads for the toilet door, too drunk to even bother locking it.

Dream laughs, licks the sour, bitter powder that clings to the edge of his ID, before pocketing it and producing a dollar bill. He coils it tightly into a perfect, little cylinder, and lines it up with his nostril and the line on the counter, pinching off his other nostril with his free hand.

*Up it goes.*

Dream continues to sniff hard as he straightens up, clearing his nasal cavity best he can, hoping to prevent anything from lingering. He'd fucked up his sinuses about a month ago, and god, *it was annoying*.

He winces at the taste that drips down the back of his throat, jams the dollar bill and the bag of coke into his faded, grey denim jacket, into the same pocket as his ID, and pushes his way out of the bathroom, into the throng of people, false grin already slipping from his face.

*Yeah.*

*He definitely hates parties.*

The bass line is thumping, and people shout to one another over it. A few familiar faces greet him, and he offers them a lazy wave.

*The coke helps.*

He's still feeling a little lost, a little too sober for his tastes, when a can of beer is jammed into his hands, damp and cold with condensation.

Sapnap grins at him as he takes it from him, leans in to speak over the music.

"Your pupils are fucking *gigantic*, dude," he shakes his head at him, and Dream shakes his head back.

"Forget about that man, we've got a bigger problem."

Concern crosses his friend's face, as Dream looks around, leans in close to his ear, like he's about to tell him a dire secret, an absolute *bombshell* of information.

"Someone is *pissing* in the *coke* room."

He pulls back, gestures his head back toward the bathroom, watches as Sapnap blinks at him. He can't hold the serious act for long, a grin splits his face, and soon they're both *howling* with



laughter, Sapnap slugging him in the arm and pushing him in the direction of the kitchen.

“I fuckin’ *hate* you man.”

*Yeah. Dream loves him too.*

Dream grins as he sips his beer, heading in the direction of the stocked fridge.

*He’s still a little too sober for socialising*, he thinks as he snags a bottle of whiskey from the freezer, the glass cold and frosty in his hand.

He downs the rest of his beer quickly, and throws it in the trash before he braves the chaos once more, pushing through the throng of people, and back down the hall to his bedroom.

*Definitely still too sober for this*, he thinks, as he sniffs his runny nose, toeing off his sneakers.

His bedroom door clicks shut behind him, blocking out a solid portion of the noise. The bass reverberates, shaking the house, causing his bedroom walls to buzz and hum.

The coke is stimulating, *and he kinda has shit to do*, he thinks as he tugs his laptop out from under the bed, beginning to skim read his lines of code for the job he’d picked up, picking a stray thread that hangs from not-so-tasteful rip in the knee of his skinny jeans.

It’s hard to focus through the haze of euphoria, *hard to not want to writhe and clench his jaw to the sound of the beat echoing through his house, hard to not want to move*, but he pushes through, absorbed in his work, fixated on it, intrigued as he fixes a mistake he’d missed yesterday.

He’s gradually sipping from the bottle, the cinnamon aftertaste to the whiskey sweetening the burn, when he feels the euphoria begin to fade. Something nudges at his brain, and checks his watch before he sighs, angling his head toward the ceiling.

*Twenty minutes.*

*Sounds about right.*

He shoves the laptop across the bed, and clambers off of it, falling to his knees in front of his bedside table, as he removes the contents of his pockets, sitting them next to the lamp on the back of the table.

He taps out another line of coke, onto the wooden surface of the table, adjusts it with the little

plastic card, coils his dollar bill and as he inhales sharply—

The door swings open, filling the air of Dream's room with music, and a *bang* as it hits the adjacent wall.

Startled, Dream *jolts*, mid inhale.

He finishes the line despite the spluttering and hisses at the searing pain in his nose, tossing the dollar down with a ferocity. It unrolls in the chaos, as he jams his hand up against his nose.

*"Fuck!"*

He pulls his hand away, scowls at the sticky blood that runs down it, and swears again as he stands up, spinning around harsh and a little too quickly for his heart, which works overtime to keep up with the stimulants.

He ignores the dizziness and glares daggers at Sapnap, who's standing off to the side of the doorway, peering in at him through the gap.

"Dude," he shouts, his fuse shortened by the drugs, "What the fuck is *wrong* with you?"

"I did knock," Sapnap says with a grin, easy and drunk.

He's seen Dream's coke rage a thousand times, and he really couldn't give a shit about it. It's sobering and Dream chuckles, shaking his head in apology, cupping a hand under his nose to try and stem the slow, steady drip of blood.

*Despite the hand, he can taste it in his mouth.*

"You've got a customer," his friend explains, and Dream rolls his eyes.

*"Not a dealer."*

"And yet, you still sometimes sell—"

"Yeah, outta my *own* stash—"

Sapnap's not listening though, and Dream stalls in his retort because *what the fuck, he's pushing some kid into his room.*

A boy, practically *swimming* in red hoodie, is unceremoniously shoved inside of the bedroom, and Dream's never really thought that much about colour theory but *fuck—*

It contrasts so lovely with his fair skin, and as Dream gives him a once-over, a flush rises to his cheeks, emphasised by the red of his hoodie, and it's so *delicious.*

The door clicks shut and Dream realises he's staring.

He swears under his breath, grabbing a tissue as he realises how deranged he must look, *staring at this pretty boy with his eyes blown wide, and blood running down his face, dripping from his chin.* He scrubs at the clumps, wincing when they stick, drying.

"What did you need?" He asks, tossing the tissue in a nearby waste bin.

"Uh— They— Well—"

The guy does an awkward shuffle, and Dream blinks at the unexpected accent. *An international student?*

"I wanna have fun," the guy decides on, and Dream frowns, snorts, regrets it a little when his nose twinges.

*He knows that kind of word choice.*

"Yeah, *no,*" he scratches at his chest awkwardly, shakes his head, "I don't sell to first timers, sorry."

"I can pay—" the twink argues, on the defence, "I've got cash—"

"Not worried about cash, kid," Dream says as he manoeuvres back, sits on the edge of his bed, absently wondering *just how fucking old this guy is, he can't be past twenty, who let him in here,* "Worried about finding you foaming at your pretty mouth in *my fuckin' bathtub* when you can't handle your shit."

*Why did he say pretty?*

He mentally smacks himself, but thankfully, that's not the word the guy hones in on.

"*Kid?*" He bristles, his cheeks pink again, but with ferocity instead of shyness, "I'm *older* than you—"

"Oh please, you're like what? A first year?"

"I'm *twenty-four*, idiot," the guy retorts, rolling his eyes.

Dream blinks. Stares at him again.

"No, you're not."

The guy smirks suddenly, shaking his head as tugs his bottom lip between his teeth, and Dream subconsciously leans forward a touch from his place on the bed. It's like he's a magnet, pulling him in.

"What, you wanna see my ID?"

His tone of voice stalls Dream in his spot. It's teasing and light, just bordering on flirtatious.

It's not that Dream's never been flirted with before. He's not unattractive by any means. He's turned down his fair share of guys and girls, more interested in getting *fucked up* rather than getting *fucked* by some nameless face, or some person he can barely tolerate.

But something about this guy, it messes with him, invites him in and he—

*He finds he doesn't hate it.*

He holds out his hand, palm upwards, silently asking.

The guy laughs, tugs his wallet out of the pocket of his hoodie, and hands over a plastic card.

"Don't steal my identity."

The twink, *George*, according to his *ID*, is not lying.

He blinks. Leans over, holds it under the light of his lampshade like he's examining it, just to see if he can get George to laugh again.

He does. *It's adorable.*

Dream grins, hands it back.

George takes it, but he blushes again, and looks away awkwardly.

“You’ve, uh,” he swallows, “You’ve got blood on your teeth.”

*Yikes.*

“Ah, shit,” Dream sighs, reaches over to grab the whiskey bottle, and steals a swig, wincing as he swishes it in his mouth, swallowing and licking at his teeth, “Sorry.”

He can’t figure out why George *still* blushes.

“Well,” George sighs, “This sucks.”

Dream hums, questioning.

“I... *I hate* parties,” George admits with a laugh, “I only like them when I’m *drunk*. But somebody’s swiped my drinks, so...”

He shrugs. The rest explains itself.

“Explains why you came here, I guess,” Dream chuckles, swirls the whiskey bottle, “Although, you know, most people have tried at *least* pot, *before* they go for the hard stuff.”

“What— I’ve *tried*—“

“Look at you, you’re like *five*, no you haven’t,” Dream jokes with a smile that’s coming way too easily, and George laughs once more.

*Dream’s not certain it’s the drugs still making his heart race.*

He rolls on, riding his high, thanking the universe for the confidence the coke has given him.

“Well,” he ponders out loud, “You *could* be in luck though.”

George cocks his head, curious, hands bunched in the pocket of his hoodie.

“I *also* hate parties,” Dream shakes the whiskey, temptingly, “And I have *this*, if you wanna hide out in here for a bit.”

George pauses, clearly not expecting the invitation. He hesitates, chews on his lip, and Dream panics.

“There’s— There’s a joint, in the top drawer, if you really need,” he blurts out, gestures to his chest of drawers, just barely managing to school his tone, keeps it light when he says, “*Come on*. Let me *corrupt* you a little.”

He revels in the way George flushes, despite rolling his eyes, bright enough to make out even in the low light. The lip he’s tugged between his teeth slips as he smiles.

“Maybe for a little while.”

Dream grins, and busies himself with setting up another line for later, as George toes off his sneakers, kicks them next to Dream’s own, and crosses the room behind Dream to sit on the bed.

He shuffles across the double bed, and leans against the wall, glancing briefly at the scattered posters — *half of them peeling off due to Dream’s inability to find the motivation to blu-tack them back up* — and at the line Dream adjusts.

Dream offers him the whiskey, and straightens up before joining him on the bed, leaning back against the wall next to him, about a foot between them. He picks at the rip in his jeans once more, nervous, keyed up, euphoric.

“I’m, uh, I’m Dream, by the way. Nice to meet you, George.”

George pauses, mid sip.

“*How did you—*” he laughs, “Oh, the ID. *Right.*”

He shakes his head, takes a sip, and coughs at the burn.

“I thought your name was Clay?”

Dream hums, a non-committal sound, nods slightly.

“Mm. My friends call me Dream, though,” he smiles, loose and lazy, an offering hanging in his words, “How did you know that?”

George scrunches up his face, scoffs as he hands the bottle back.

“What, are you *kidding*? You know you’re like, *practically famous*, right?”

Dream's own face scrunches up now, the scab in his eyebrow tugging painfully as confusion washes over him.

"What?"

"*"He's this mystery guy who lives off campus,"*" George says with a mocking air, clearly quoting somebody as he turns up his nose, "*"He turns up at **every** party, **right** as it's ending and just **revives it** somehow."*"

Dream laughs. George carries on.

"I'm serious, some of the frat guys think you're like, a god or something. *"That guy who drank four litres of box wine and didn't even puke on the field the next day."*"

Dream winces at that quote.

*That had been a bad night.*

Sapnap had been out of town, and he was left on his own, sporting a vicious comedown. He was out of coke, out weed, out of *everything*, out of his *mind*. He had given up looking for drugs, and went looking for a party.

*He's pretty sure that was the same night some guy broke his nose.*

And then he'd had to go play fucking football, *busted, hungover, and withdrawing.*

He fingers the bump in the centre of his nose. *It never had quite set properly.*

"I uh, threw up before," he admits and George laughs, "And also after. And at half-time."

"How does it not mess with your game though? Surely it could mess with your sports scholarship."

Dream frowns at that, confused once more.

"It definitely does mess with my game, but I usually can handle it," he acknowledges, before angling his head, turning to look at George, "But— *Sports scholarship?*"

"Everyone says you've got a free ride."

Dream blinks, *laughs*, and shakes his head. He swigs, low and deep from the bottle, reaches out to hand it back, wiping his mouth on his jacket sleeve.

“Well, *yeah*,” he scratches his head, awkwardly, “But not for football. I just play for fun. It’s an academic scholarship.”

George’s hand freezes as he reaches for the bottle in Dream’s outstretched hand.

“You’re messing with me.”

Dream laughs.

“I’m comp-sci.”

“*I’m* comp-sci, why haven’t I—“

Dream cuts him off.

“I do everything online. I kinda, uh,” he trails off, embarrassed at the truth, “I hate people, most of the time.”

*He never used to.*

*He’s not sure when it started.*

*Probably about the same time he started keeping his nose runny.*

“A known party fiend,” George deadpans, “Who hates people.”

“It’s not like those people ever see me sober,” Dream shrugs, “I’m only ever sober, like, on campus. And even then, not really, because I’m medicated for my ADHD. Well, when I bother to take it, anyway.”

*The coke pushes the words out of his mouth.*

George listens intently. Dream’s never spoken so much to a stranger in his life, and the shame of blurting out his life story to the first cute guy in his room is gradually setting in.

George finally takes the bottle. Sips. *Thinks*.



“So, let me get this straight. You’re some kind of, *coke-head, party king, star quarterback*,” he lifts one hand as he says this, then lifts the other, bottle still in hand, “But you’re also, like, *an anxious, hyperactive genius, who hates people*.”

*Sounds about right.*

“Mm,” Dream grins, “Not *always* coke.”

“Wow, you’re *so cool*.”

As he hands the bottle back, Dream thinks he’s never been happier to have a random guy sassing him in his bedroom.

“Well, what about *you*?” He queries, “All I know is your name’s George, and you’re not apparently five.”

George laughs and shakes his head.

“I’m nowhere near as interesting as you.”

“I think you’re pretty interesting,” Dream blurts, turning his head away once more.

There’s a beat of silence. Dream thinks he can feel George looking at him.

The air feels *heavy*. His skin *itches*.

He sighs, checking his watch as he feels the low beginning to set in.

“Hold this for a second.”

He takes a swig, and hands the bottle back, sliding to his knees in front of his bedside table once more, recoils the loose dollar bill.

“That was *quick*. It’s been like, what, *twenty minutes*?”

“Yeah,” Dream sighs, licking his lips as he rolls the note between his fingers, “That’s coke for you.”

“Jesus, is it really worth it?”

“Honestly?”

He racks the line, sniffs hard to clear his airways, glances over at George with a grin.

*“Fuck no,”* George laughs and he continues, “No, seriously. Nobody actually likes coke unless they can afford it all day, *every day*. Not worth getting hooked on.”

“Is that one of the reasons you won’t sell to first-timers?”

“Beside the overdose risk? Yeah,” he shakes his head as he taps out another bump for later, “I don’t wanna be the reason somebody ends up fucked up.”

“Aw, a dealer who cares.”

Dream laughs, shuffles around so he’s facing George on the bed. He rests his head on his forearms, faintly aware that the bun he had his hair in has come loose, leaving strands cascading around him, and he tugs the hair-tie away, letting it all fall.

“First of all, I’m not a dealer. But, I’ve never actually met a dealer that didn’t care,” he winks at George, “It’s good business practice to keep your customers *alive*, you know.”

George pinks up at the wink, laughs at the joke, and Dream doesn’t think he’s ever felt this good in his *life, god, nothing compares to this*.

“You gonna tell me about yourself, now?”

George steals another sip of the whiskey, and he leans forward, closer to Dream. He rests an elbow on his knee, balances his chin in his hand.

“What do you want to know?”

*“Everything.”*

*So George tells him.*

He tells him the big things, *tells him about living in Britain, tells him about moving to America, the decision to leave his whole life behind.*

He tells him the smaller things, *the details, tells him little facts, like how he’s left-handed, like how his favourite colour is blue.*

He tells him the more personal things, *like how the reason his favourite colour is blue, is because it’s the only one he can really see.*

Somewhere in the conversation, Dream shambles back onto the bed, blonde hair sticking to the sweat that pools on his forehead, despite the cool temperature of his bedroom.

The stimulants leaving him running hot.

He tugs off his jacket, tosses it to the floor,

The gap between them has mysteriously closed, and Dream's not quite sure who moved, but they sit shoulder to shoulder, the cotton of Dream's olive-green t-shirt, and the bare skin of his tanned arms pressed against the soft, vibrant red fabric of George's hoodie. He turns his head to watch him speak, giving him all his attention.

*Neither of them bring up the closeness.*

He's paused in sipping from their shared liquor, and instead switched to a large bottle of water that Sapnap must have left him the night before, keeping at least semi-hydrated.

The whiskey sits in George's lap, and Dream realises absently that he's been due for another line for at least half an hour.

He twists the ring on his thumb, twitchy. But he doesn't want to interrupt George. He hangs on his every word, adores everything he has to say, laughs when he's supposed to laugh, *even when he knows it's not that funny.*

*Dream's never clicked with somebody so easily.*

George falls silent a moment and groans.

"I can't *believe* I just told you my entire life story."

"I can't believe it either," Dream grins, takes the opportunity to slip back to the bedside table at the lapse in conversation, "You *literally* saw a guy with *coke-rage*, *bleeding everywhere*, and decided to just tell him about your *whole* life, huh? Got a thing for danger, or something?"

It's a joke, but Dream is genuinely confused as he straightens up the line on the table. George is silent, and he glances over at him.

*He's blushing again, and steadfastly not looking back.*

"I don't have a thing for danger," he scoffs, but he still won't look at Dream.

"No?" Dream ties his hair up, before rolling his note, leaning back in, "Maybe you've just got a

thing for *me*.”

It’s the bravest thing he’s ever said, and he hears George sputter, choke on the whiskey he must have been sipping.

He relishes in the euphoric relief when the coke heads upwards, and leans his head back with a sigh, eyes fluttering shut.

“Is it really that good?”

Dream blinks his eyes back open, lolling his head to the side to look at George.

“Better than *sex*,” he says with a grin as he stands, just to watch him flush.

“Maybe,” George fumbles, as Dream presses back against his side, “Maybe you’re just having really bad sex.”

Dream hums. He licks at the strange metallic taste in his mouth, and keeps his eyes on the pretty boy, seated on his bed, flicks them down to gaze at soft pink lips, bitten and raw.

“Maybe.”

He watches George swallow.

“Your nose is bleeding again.”

“Ah, fuck, really?” *That probably kills any hint of a mood.*

He presses his fingers against his upper lip, frowns as they come away sticky and stained.

“I was *wondering* what I could taste,” he sighs, glancing up at George, who—

*Is blushing again.*

*What.*

Somehow, despite Dream’s fried brain cells, and the cloudy buzz of the whiskey, it *clicks*.

“You blushed earlier, too, you know,” he says it almost casually, almost, if it wasn’t for the tang of nerves as he steals the whiskey from George’s lap, takes a sip, swallows, tastes his blood in the mixture, “When I had blood on my teeth.”

He watches George *squirm* and he *loves it*.

“Oh?” He asks, like he doesn’t know, like he can’t feel the heat that radiates from his cheeks.

“Mm,” Dream’s pulse is *pounding, in his heart, in his head, and he can barely hear himself think*, but he sits the bottle to the side, lolls his head to the side, leans in, just barely resting his head on George’s shoulder, “I think you’ve *definitely* got a thing for danger.”

“You’re not dangerous,” George murmurs, and he angles his head towards Dream, peeking at him through too-long lashes.

Dream can smell the cinnamon of the whiskey, can feel his breath washing over his face and *god, he wants more*.

“No?” He asks, and barely, *just barely*, he brushes the tip of his bleeding nose against George’s, “Maybe you do just have a thing for *me*, then.”

His words are a hushed whisper, only for George, and he can’t even *imagine* how *fucked up* he must look right now.

His pupils would be blown dramatically wide, barely the hint of an iris, and blood still slowly drips from his nose, down his sweaty face, staining his teeth and skin. God, he must look so fucking *insane*, and *yet*, George inhales and says—

“*Maybe.*”

And then he’s pushing forward, closing the barely-there gap between them, slotting their mouths together and Dream—

He *snaps*.

His impulse control is shit at the best of times, but right now, *with a nose full of coke, a stomach full of spirits, and a bed full of prettiest fucking boy he’s ever seen*, it’s even worse.

He tugs George into his lap with ease, *adores* the way he gasps at being lifted so easily, and he deepens the kiss, carefully sliding his tongue inside that pretty pink mouth, stealing away the air they gasp for.

He runs his hands up under the loose fabric of the hoodie, underneath the t-shirt underneath it, grips hard at the slender waistline that he finds, thumbs digging against his prominent hips.

George swears under his breath, and he lightens his hold, whispering *sorry's* against his lips when —

*“Do it again.”*

*Jesus.*

He tightens his grip once more, bruisingly so, and resists the urge to let his eyes roll back, when George's hips twitch and he moans into his mouth.

“Like it rough, huh?”

Dream twists them around, pins him to the mattress beneath them, feels his cock pulse in his jeans when George *whines*, the mixture of the cocaine and *George, George, George* pooling in his veins and he swears, tugging off the hoodie that's just *in his fucking way*—

The t-shirt comes off with it and *god*—

“You're so fucking *pretty*,” he murmurs, “Look at *you*.”

Even with Dream's blood smeared across his fair skin, George is *beautiful*.

*Something dark in the back of Dream's mind would like to keep him.*

He leans down to nip at his neck, to lick and suck, to leave marks that'll *last*, reaching down with one hand to cup him through his pants, grinning against his skin when he inhales sharply and arches.

Dream's not gonna fuck him.

*Not tonight, at least.*

He's too fucked up, *too far gone*, and he wants it to be perfect for George, wants to be sober, wants to remember it in colour detail.

But he can't help but touch, *tease*.

He wants to know *everything*.

He reaches up with his other hand, and carefully, cautiously, he wraps his fingers around George's throat, feels him swallow underneath his palm.

He doesn't squeeze, not yet, just leaves his hand there, like a promise as he palms him through his jeans, making him gasp and twitch underneath him.

He eventually brings both hands to George's throat, leaving them there as he kisses him, tastes his own blood on George's lips, and he thinks he might be *in love* when George bites him on the lip.

"*Dream*—" His tone is demanding, and his face is flushed, and Dream wonders *just how good he'd feel wrapped around his cock, just what kind of noises he'd make, if he'd still be demanding when he begged then*, "Dream, *do it*—"

*He's never been one to disappoint.*

He squeezes the hand wrapped around George's neck and grins at the way George writhes underneath him, hips arching up to grind themselves together and Dream *groans*, grinding back down against him.

He eases his grip, leans down to kiss at the red marks he's left on pale marks, mouth at them oh so gently, a stark contrast to the roughness moments ago.

When they kiss again, it's sweeter. *Slower*.

Dream leans on his side, pressed close to George, and he runs his hand along the flat of his stomach, caressing gently as he pulls away to look at him.

George has his hands threaded in Dream's hair, which has come loose once more, and he pushes a strand away, staring back at him.

"You," he states, breathless, "Are a *tease*."

Dream grins down at him. Kisses him senseless once more.

*He's never felt so alive.*

## End Notes

welcome to the end thank u for reading!!!! i hope you liked it!!!

this was so much fun to write, I got so uncomfortably into it holy shit woops and THANK YOU to the people who I sent snippets of it (or the whole thing lol (u know who u are)) to and told me to JUST POST IT ALREADY

you will all pry long hair Dream from my cold dead hands btw I think about that clip where said he used to have like 2 feet of hair and I <3 <3 <3

my bf has that length of hair and every day i hate him for having more luscious locks than me and every day i fucking adore him

also i'm uncomfortably in love with cokehead!dream sorry everyone

ps: here are some tracks that helped with the writing!!!!

two feet - go fuck yourself

interpol - rest my chemistry

trophy eyes - you can count on me

glass animals - agnes

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!